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The Corrector.

BY TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

"I FEAR NO FROWNS, AND SEEK NO BLIND APPLAUSE."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1804.

[No. 2]

From the Daily Advertiser of June 26, 1802.

BRUTUS, No. II.

THE period at which Mr. Jefferson was called by the public voice to the chief magistracy of the union, was perhaps the most important that had occurred since the establishment of our independence.

THE hopes of the nation were raised by the high and exalted character he sustained, by the uniform attachment he had manifested to the rights of man, and the inviolate preservation of the constitution. Possessed of a mind comprehensive and elevated, the friends of the people were induced to believe, that some enlarged plans for the welfare of the country would be adopted, and that he possessed energy enough to insure their execution. Animated by these feelings of his countrymen, we have accordingly seen him combating prejudices in firm and manly language, and with a bold and energetic arm. With the purest intentions, we have seen him, in a manner dignified and respectful, raise the dejected aspect of republicanism. Firm in integrity and virtue, he fought with unparalleled industry, to restore the citizen of America, to the enjoyment of his civic rights—the inestimable privileges of his nature, for which the blood of his countrymen had flowed, and which were promised him at the revolution. These were the efforts of a great and good man, and all must approve them. But by the obligation we owe to him, to ourselves, and to our country, we are bound to yield to the great and paramount interests of society; and point out with gentleness and affection, the dangers we apprehend, the rocks and quicksands that surround him. This is the duty of true friendship—a duty to which every patriotic heart will yield. Who can behold without indignation, probity and virtue led astray; deceived by the base instruments of treachery and fraud? To the mild and philanthropic temper of Mr. Jefferson, is added an amiable credulity, which in unguarded moments, renders him liable to be deceived, by the insidious and servile approaches of wicked and designing men. These are the spontaneous productions of every soil; and ever true to the principles that actuate them, we have seen, with sorrow and indignation, the profligate and abandoned of every nation, whether from the distant shores of India or of Europe, in crowds assembled at the capitol, demanding the attention and patronage of the first magistrate of the union. Unsolicted, they have become the protectors of his person and his fame. To the astonishment of every revolutionary hero, they have boasted of his partiality.

By some unfortunate dispensation of Providence, this devoted city has been infested with more than an ordinary number of these emissaries of mischief. In concert with natives, who shrink from public scrutiny, but on whom the uplifted rod shall presently descend, they have commenced an attack upon the second officer of the government. Against him they have, with unexampled malignity, levelled the poisoned shafts of malice and revenge; but contending with inflexible integrity, they will fall harmless at his feet, and the Lilliputian warriors that directed them, will ere long be consigned to insignificance and contempt.

THIS congenial association has manifestly conceived a systematic plan for the introduction of disorder, and the ruin of a man who possesses the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the power to interrupt the ambitious schemes of the enemies to his country. For this laudable purpose, we have seen spring up amongst us, this motley group, meditating "deeds of darkness and disaster." An odious compound, consisting of foreigners, who, skilled in stratagems, and

disciplined to treason, have fled from punishment and death at home. Of natives, who have been arraigned at the bar of judicial tribunals, and but lately escaped the justice of their country.—Of men, who in the dark and gloomy days of republicanism, were fought for in vain, among the supporters of public freedom; who paraded the streets in exultation, and publicly triumphed in the market-place over republicans defeated and oppressed. These are the heaven-born patriots, who are destined to protect the temple of liberty—the guardian-angels of America. Who is there that will calmly yield assent to these impudent pretensions? What patriot can recollect the revolution in which he acted, and hear these things without emotion?

MR. JEFFERSON, I am persuaded, is friendly to the harmony and tranquility of the friends of the people. But the men to whom I have alluded, have an interest in confusion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should be guilty of conduct, such as has lately been exhibited.—With matchless impudence, they have styled themselves exclusive republicans, and the only supporters of the present administration. I should here examine what are their claims to these high and imposing appellations: but as I propose in some future papers, to investigate minutely their characters, their conduct, motives, and ultimate objects, I shall only observe here, that if they are Mr. Jefferson's only supporters, he is in a deplorable situation, and at the next election, must bid adieu to the presidential chair, which he has hitherto filled with dignity and honor.

THESE men, who have in effect constituted themselves the official guardians of the President, have begun a work that must inevitably terminate in his ruin. They are breaking every tie that bound his supporters to each other. They are disseminating evil and confusion through the community, infusing poison into the bosoms of friends, and with rude and unholy hands demolishing the invaluable institutions, upon which rested the hopes of every friend to his country. These are facts that cannot be denied, and the consequences will not be perceived, until it is too late to remedy the mischiefs they have produced.

IN every society, men, like these I have named, are to be found; but seldom are they suffered to bear that evil sway, by which they have now agitated the community. To disseminate with impunity, calumnies the most base, to deceive the public by the boldness of their falsehoods—to insult every honest man by styling themselves the favorites of the executive, the organs to communicate his will, and dispense his favors—That these things have been authorized, it is impossible for me to believe. But with an assurance calculated to excite unfavorable suspicions, they have proclaimed in the streets, and in every public place, that no offices can be procured, unless their approbation has been signified. Rising in regular gradations, this mixed and party-colored junto, proceed with increased audacity to call their's the public will; proscribe all who will not acquiesce in the justice of their measures; brand them with opprobrious epithets; and attempt to fix upon them the distrust of the community. When men assert their independence of opinion, and indulge doubts with regard to the propriety of any governmental measure, they are charged with villifying Mr. Jefferson, and endeavouring to bring his administration into disrepute. This is the language which is founded in our ears with unceasing perseverance. But I ask who it is, that defames the officers of government? Let those immaculate patriots point out the men—surmises, and dastardly insinuations, can have no influ-

ence with an enlightened community. Are these the days in which men are to be proscribed, for exercising the inalienable rights of nature? Are they to be marked out as victims for destruction, because they believe Mr. Jefferson, like others, fallible? Are they, under the mild and benignant operations of a representative government, to be told, that the freedom of speech, and of opinion, must be surrendered? That the privileges for which they fought, and which were established by the constitution, must be relinquished? Is this junto, which endeavours to identify itself with the government, prepared to promulgate doctrines like these, to a wife, brave, and generous community? For the honor of the country, I hope not.

No man has, with more zeal and earnestness, devoted his time and talents to the elevation of Mr. Jefferson, than myself—And the same independence which then induced me to advocate him, will now lead me to investigate his conduct, to approve or condemn, as my judgment shall direct.

THIS is the language of an independent man, warm in his attachment to the principles upon which the government is founded. With frankness and sincerity, he now pronounces, that if the executive wishes to retain the esteem and confidence of the nation, it behoves him to withdraw from this pestiferous alliance, and rest for support upon the substantial and upright men of his country.

BRUTUS.

THE CORRECTOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

THE reply to *Aristides*, it is said is now circulated through the country with great industry. This feeble attempt to resist the arguments of that writer, and to conceal the motives of the political opponents of Mr. Burr, has hitherto attracted so little attention that it has been deemed unworthy of particular examination. A due regard however to that portion of the community, which with honest views has been deluded into error, requires that it should be noticed.

HAD not *Aristides* declined to enter into a controversy with the contemptible scribblers who have occasionally assailed him, I should have left this task for him to perform. But many circumstances have lately occurred, that render some remarks upon the work in question, with occasional references to our local affairs, proper and necessary. Justice too demands that the cause of an injured man should not be abandoned.

ATTACKED as Mr. Burr was by the the authors of the most complicated system of knavery that was ever organized in the country, it required more than ordinary firmness to resist the torrent of abuse that flowed from venal presses, and to repel the incessant attacks of corrupt and systematic ingenuity. The dogs of faction were at once unloosed, and it required more than human strength to drive them to their kennels. If any effects shall hereafter contribute to this desirable object, and if one honest man should be reclaimed from error, my gratification will be complete.

IT is not merely the character of an individual, I wish to sustain; it is not in the cause of faction that I labor; but to check the introduction and the encouragement of measures, which in all popular governments, from the earliest antiquity to the present day, have uniformly preceded convulsions that shook them to their centre. It is the tyranny of faction which it behoves us all to resist. A tyranny which is prostrating the individual independence of the

people, and corrupting all the sources of their happiness. From being formed for a particular object, it will extend its operations to those of a more general nature. From aiming at the destruction of an individual, it will attempt the subversion of every institution hostile to its views, and generate evils which no free constitution is able to resist. Tyranny as severe as that of a despotic government may exist under various forms. It is immaterial whether it is regal oppression, or the tyranny of authorized systematic slander that prevails. The last destroys its victims as certainly as the first, and drives into obscurity every man who has not become insensible to calumny and abuse.

If the faction which has been organized in this, and has been occasionally aided by individuals from other states, were to succeed in injuring the reputation of Mr. Burr, no man in the country who had been rendered conspicuous by his talents would be safe. Whenever a venal foreigner, or a few degraded natives, could be bought by money or by offices, to raise a clamor against an individual, designated by their employers, his ruin would be inevitable.

THE corruption and injustice of ancient times would be here revived, and accusation and conviction become terms convertible and equally fatal. It would be a virtual establishment of the ostracism, by which the best in Greece were banished unheard, not only from their stations, but their country, by the artifices of their enemies. It would be sanctioning a dreadful precedent, involving not only the safety of eminent men, but the peace and internal happiness of the country.

IN this state it has been industriously attempted to introduce the evils which are here complained of. They have been resisted with vigour, with what effect remains yet to be decided. Good men, however, should not despond. I am one of those, who believe in the obduracy of human imperfection, but convinced of the correctness of my principles, and the accumulating power of truth, my labours shall terminate only with my life. Those who may engage with me in a just cause, are assured, that I am neither to be intimidated by personal consequences, nor silenced by an attempt at legal oppression. Armed with truth, I do not fear an investigation into the facts I shall advance, nor shall those who may seek, by an impotent display of resentment, to bring me into a court of justice, be consoled with the idea that their suits will be suffered to pass into oblivion. I will meet them at every point, I will unfold the annals of corruption, and with the proofs of villainy in my hand, prostrate their ideal dignity of character, and expose them to the detestation of the world. Although the "Reply to Aristides" has been given to the world under the signature of James Cheetham, it is undoubtedly the joint production of the faction that supports him, and exhibits lamentable proofs of its approaching dissolution. It is the last convulsion, the expiring effort of villainy detected and subdued.

(To be continued.)

SYLVANUS AND DANIEL.

DANIEL—At the aristocratic meeting of the First Ward, I find DANIEL chairman. DANIEL is president of the Manhattan Bank, and late Navy Agent—for both of which important and lucrative stations he was indebted to the friendship of Col. Burr. It is a fact that Mr. Burr has suffered more loss of popularity, has received more abuse from his enemies, and given more displeasure to his friends, in consequence of his ill-judged partiality for DANIEL than from any transaction of his life, prior to the attacks of the two associates DE WITT CLINTON and CHEETHAM. DANIEL has also a thousand times declared his conviction that the charges against Mr. Burr are atrocious slanders. Yet this same fellow appears heading a meeting of Mr. Burr's inveterate enemies.

WHY is all this, says the world? I will tell you. DANIEL is a merchant, a man of calculation. Col. Burr is no longer in the Manhattan Bank direction. The affairs of that institution are in the hands of the two powerful families. DE WITT heads one phalanx, and MATURIN, the convenient and obsequious tool of his more wealthy relatives leads the other.

DANIEL fears, that to be the friend of Burr, and the president of the Manhattan Bank, are incompatible. His calculations are made of course, and he turns against his former benefactor with a manliness of decision honorable to the grateful feelings of his heart.

But observe the result. The families find it convenient to use Daniel now—they will find it convenient to take the presidency from him at the next election. They already despise, they will then reject him. Thus, though not exactly imitating his ancestor who starved between two bundles of hay without making an election, yet I expect the result will be somewhat similar, and that between the two fools, DANIEL's breach will shortly come to the ground.

SYLVANUS.

SUCH was the chairman of the First ward meeting. The secretary was Sylvanus, an associate of Cheetham, and an office-holder under the Clintons, by whom the station has been honored in his appointment. This creature practices a vulgar buffoonery in writing and conversation, in character with the meanness of his appearance and manners. He is constantly employed in preparing malicious scurrility for Cheetham's paper, and practices a low cunning, adapted to the shallowness of his intellect, to avoid detection. He will find that his late attempt to play "puffs in the corner," has not remained undiscovered, nor will it go unpunished.

I HAVE not time at present to give him the severity of correction to which he is entitled, but of this I assure him, if he continues his abusive personalities in his friend's paper (I can detect his style with facility) I will pass the graces of his person, the accomplishments of his mind, and the feelings of his heart, in full view before the public eye. It will be a little unpleasant to come too near him in the operation, in consequence of his habitual nastiness; I shall, therefore, handle him with a pair of tongs.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS!!

TWENTY YEARS PRACTICE!!

JAMES CHEETHAM—QUACK DOCTOR.

HAS on hand, at his shop No. 136 Pearl-street, a variety of drugs of his own invention, which he will dispose of at the lowest rates, as he wishes to sell off his stock. Among the number are his famous soporific doses entitled, VIEW, NARRATIVE, NINE LETTERS, &c. which are powerful promoters of sleep; if however, they are taken in too large quantities, they are apt to excite a nausea at the stomach. The patient will find it difficult to swallow them at first, they generally have to be crammed down the throat by force, and the patient beaten over the head with a club called the Citizen, if he refuses to take them.

LIKEWISE on hand, a large quantity of that celebrated medicine entitled, A REPLY TO ARISTIDES. This has been stigmatized by several with the name of a composition of opium and lead. Dr. Cheetham, however, assures the public that it is compounded of a variety of drugs, and that he was assisted in preparing it by the OURANG OUTANG, a creature forming "the very link that joins the animal to the human race."

THIS beast had been troubled with a bad habit for some time, but, in consequence of the pills of Aristides, he made a desperate effort, and relieved himself in the famous reply.

FOR the above, and sundry other Physicks, apply either to Doctor Cheetham, or to his Jack Pudding, the Baboon and Surrogate. It has been reported that the Jack Pudding was afflicted with the hydrophobia; this is A FALSEHOOD, and must have originated from his known aversion to clean water. To do away the report, notice is hereby given, that he will be publicly washed on the first day of April next, at the pump, opposite St. Paul's, after which, he will be shaved and dressed in a clean shirt. He will then be delivered to such of his friends as can recollect him in the disguise of cleanliness. As this Jack Pudding is peculiarly diverting, from a faculty of making queer faces and playing monkey tricks,

he affords much diversion to the Quack Doctor and his friends—by making himself ridiculous for their amusement or advantage. He has made up some trifling articles of physic himself, entitled Joe Gumption, Homepun, &c. &c. They do not produce the effect he contemplated, but are admirably efficacious in exciting yawning. He intends, the next he issues, to have his handsome, queer phiz, engraved and affixed to the dose.

TO VISITORS.

F—— might as well have kept himself quiet and taken his breathing in good part. It was merely my intention to give him a lash *en passant*, on account of the officious part he has lately taken. But he must be a shallow fellow indeed, who supposes that I have engaged in this business, and am to be blustered from my purpose. It is repentance, not insolence or noise, that will induce me to spare the rod. He, and many others, have been mightily tickled with the infamous conduct of Cheetham; they have patronized that wretch in his assaults on private feeling and private character, by the most wicked and villainous falsehoods. They have, like savages exulted in the brutal work. I am resolved, and they will find me no chicken livered fellow, that if that miscreant is not completely silenced in his abusive attacks, or utterly abandoned by his present patrons, I will lash them collectively and individually, while they have a strip of hide to cover their carcasses. Though the *lex talionis* is my motto, yet I shall not imitate their baseness. I will only retort severe truths, in reply to malicious lies. I know them all, "and can found them from the lowest note to the very top of their compass."

THE talk I have undertaken is disgusting to my feelings, and foreign to my nature. It is forced upon me by a sense of duty. I have long seen in silence, the attempts of a few men to trample on the hearts of their neighbors. I have seen them employ a merciless ruffian in the inhuman work. I have seen the characters of men I much value, shamelessly traduced; the domestic happiness of my dearest friends invaded; the feelings of their affectionate families harrowed up with distress. When I witnessed the extent and continuance of these enormities, I could not but exclaim,

"All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers."

THIS will serve for other visitors as well as Mr. F——. Let those keep from my notice, or express by letter their CONTRITION, who wish to avoid the impending whip.

COLONEL BLUBBER.

IN the county of Suffolk on Long-Island, lives a man by the name of H——; an owner of whaling vessels and dealer in Blubber. This person like the animal from whom he gets his living, is large in bulk and has a huge head, with an extreme paucity of brains.

By some means he worked himself into the good opinion of Mr. Ezekiel Robins, who took him by the hand, and, against the judgment of his friends, brought him into political life and made him what he is.

I FIND that H——, who ought to be in his seat in the Senate at Albany, has just passed through this city on his way to Suffolk for electioneering purposes. He has been for several days running through the Fly-Market, haranguing the butchers, fishermen, &c. He tells them that the legislature have a right to dictate to the people in the choice of governor. That they are the representatives of the people, are the enlightened members of the community—and that thus representing the good sense of the public, they have a right to make a governor for them if they please.

HE ALSO SWEARS THAT MORGAN LEWIS WAS NEVER A FEDERALIST!!!

THE fellow is as hot and noisy as he is stupid. He bellows like a great SEA CALF when he talks on the subject; and, instead of speaking truth or argument, snorts and spouts like a whale.

MAJOR PURDY'S OBSEQUIES.

A WAR STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.
"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

MUCH talk has been made of holding up one JUDGE PURDY, as a Senator for the southern district; the *revolutionary services* of this gallant wight certainly entitle him to a high grade in the aristocratic corps. The following account of a *narrow escape* made during the war, may serve as an instance of his daring intrepidity, and his perfect acquaintance with that accomplishment, so necessary to a great general—the art of making a *good retreat*.

In a body of militia stationed near Croton, was the regiment to which PURDY belonged, in the capacity of a Major. An attack from the enemy being expected, this regiment was ordered forward to sustain the onset. The alarm, however, proving groundless, the regiment refused its station with the main body. On calling the roll it was discovered THAT MAJOR PURDY WAS MISSING. The utmost anxiety was immediately exhibited throughout the camp. Every heart was agitated with the most sorrowful emotion. THE MAJOR was a brave man, a firm patriot, a gallant officer: nothing but death could have caused his absence from his post, and it was therefore determined, *nem. con.* that the Major was killed by the enemy, *bravely fighting in his country's cause*. Due preparations were made to give his memory the last melancholy honors of a military funeral. His body being in possession of the foe, a block of wood was substituted as his representative. The procession moved forward with all the solemnity that could be expected from a sham. The cat-o-nine-tails of the regiment was laid on the coffin, and the fife and drums played the rogues march in plaintive cadence. In the height of this affecting ceremony, when the feelings of the surrounding multitude were worked up to the highest pitch, the happy tidings were brought that the Major was in good health and spirits. Rapture diffused itself around, and was testified in the loudest peals of laughter.

It appeared that the Major being a *quiet, peaceable* man, was extremely averse to shedding human blood. Accordingly, when marching orders were issued, he made a rapid movement towards his own dwelling, singing triumphantly, "The soldier tired of wars alarms."

On receipt of this joyful intelligence, it was determined that the block of wood should be used for a bon-fire, and the Major's sword and pistols buried in its stead, as he would have no further occasion for such deadly instruments—this was done with all due form, and a wooden sword sent to that gallant officer, as a testimony of the high sense the regiment entertained of his *revolutionary services*.

ISAAC.

I am told that one of the prime supporters and instigators of Cheetham's abusive publications, is the well-known ISAAC. Let this *merciful man* look to it.

I am in possession of the very bludgeon with which his poor german servant was beaten about the head. It was an amusing spectacle for those who are fond of bloody fights. Some milky souls would use a switch on such occasions, but,

"He judged it better from a quick
Set hedge, to cut a knotted stick,
With which he furiously laid on."

BILLY LUSCIOUS.

"One of those unmeaning things which nature makes by the groce—then sends them forth ashamed, of her own work, and puts no stamp upon them."

As every movement of a great man is interesting, I cannot but notice the important biography of Billy Luscious—

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

This two legged creature being extremely desirous of notice, I shall steal a moment from tickling brutes of a higher grade, and endeavor to pierce through the "clouds and thick darkness" that involve his *obscurity*.

Like a cypher, when placed by himself, he is *naught*, but thrown among more important figures

he serves to *swell a number*. He does well enough to shout in the tatter-de-malion train of our political jugglers, a convenient ass of burden to do their drudgery, and carry their handbills into the country.

The first attempt of this *muffin faced meddler*, to become notorious, was when he commenced the practice of the law, and a dirty *debut* did he make. His name appeared on painted boards at the fly-market, bull's-head, &c. &c. &c. handbills were stuck up in every grog-shop, where *assault and battery* occurrences were likely to take place. On his boards and bills, were his rates and charges for bonds, mortgages, writs, &c. at *half price*: For the first time in this city, perhaps in the world, was the profession of the law, advertised at *wholesale and retail*. The consequence was, Billy's *law shop* was crowded by the *fag ends* of humanity; wherever he went he had at his heels a ragged regiment, of drunken negroes, six-penny sharpers, bruising sailors and bum bailiffs.

Another way to gain employment was, the practice of going on board of vessels, just arrived, and exciting the men to sue their Captain, for any chastisement he had (most probably with reason) inflicted. After some time, however, his face became so familiar, and his motives so well known among the tars, that *ropes-ends* were prepared for his reception. An old wag of a sea captain, it is said, undertook to regale the unfortunate Luscious with a round dozen at the gang-way.

The application tickled him so much, that in his extacy, he danced over the side of the vessel. Having a heavy head, he would doubtless, for once in his life, have descended below the *surface* of things, had not a *dung boat* fortunately laid along side of the vessel, and received him on the kindly soil from which he sprung.

By manœuvres such as these, has the ingenious Luscious rendered himself contemptible to a proverb among the professors of the law; and he forms to this day a *butt* at which the young students aim their little witticisms.

Having amassed some property by such *honorable means*, Billy began to sigh for some office that might yield him some degree of consequence, and serve as a cloak to cover past meannesses. He accordingly turned his attention to politics. For a time he served as a humble drudge among the lower orders of the federal party. But with RIKER, SPENCER, and many other *worthies* he thought it *expedient* to turn flaming republican, when that side of the political scale preponderated. Like CANDIDATE BOB, who will pardon us for placing him in such despicable company, any office will do for him, and he for any office. At first he made an attempt among the illustrious candidates for the shrievalty. Here, however, he was disappointed, that office being decreed as a reward for the *brilliant talents*, the UNIFORM REPUBLICANISM, and the great *political influence* of JOSEPH SURFACE, Esq. From the office of sheriff, he turned to that of master in chancery; still, however, he was doomed to disappointment. No matter, if neither sheriff nor master in chancery was to be obtained, he'd e'en try for *justice of the ten pound court*, and this, at present, is the object he has in view, the grand stimulus of his political labors.*

* P. S. Since writing the above I am informed, that Billy is disappointed also in his expectations of being appointed a *just-ifs*; he must therefore remain contented with *half* of the title.

POUGHKEEPSIE SCOUNDRELS.

The annals of villainy will scarcely furnish an instance of such impudent and barefaced conduct as has been evidenced within a few days in the county of Dutchess and town of Poughkeepsie. I expect that mercenary hireling Mitchell, who is rescuing

himself from starving, by eating the bread of infamy, is one of its instigators.

Levi M'Keen, Esq. of that place, is distinguished as a uniform and active republican—as a gentleman of talents and respectability—but he has also come forward like a man of honour and of principle in defence of Col. Burr.

A meeting has therefore been collected, through the influence of the *families*, who have passed a string of insolent resolutions relative to Mr. M'Keen. The fellows who were associated were, as might be expected, among the very vilest dregs of the community.

I will sift this affair to the bottom, and now invite every information respecting the fellows concerned in this transaction. I suspect *J—T—ge*, an impertinent meddling jackanapes, to be in some shape at the bottom of it. I am resolved to detect the ring-leaders, and will *gibbet* the rascals in every corner of the state.

In the Citizen of Wednesday is published a letter from Mr Swartwout to Mr. Levinus Lanfing, with Mr. Lanfing's answer. The object of Mr. Swartwout's letter is to induce Mr. Lanfing to support Col. Burr as Governor—This application is made in a decent and respectful style; nor does it contain one line nor one sentence that is dishonorable to Mr. Swartwout as a gentleman, or a republican; on the contrary, it speaks a language which many of the firmest patriots in the country speak; but which a much greater number feel. The reply of Mr Lanfing is a vulgar, blackguard performance, and would disgrace any name except a Cheetham who would affix his signature to it. I know nothing at present of the reputation of Mr. Lanfing, but am desirous of ascertaining his political sentiments and general character: I am however satisfied that he is *filly, indecent and selfish*.

He is *filly* because he is incapable of judging for himself on the most ordinary occasions—inasmuch as his answer to Mr. Swartwout is evidently the result of a *caucus* and was most probably penned by the celebrated *Ambrose*. Lanfingburgh is about one hours ride from Albany, and yet this *tender patriot* Mr. Lanfing, required *twenty-one* days to answer a letter of little more than *twenty-one lines*, and that too a letter which he says very much surprised him. He took, it seems, sufficient time to deliberate, and may have received from some friend of the combined families, a more *argumentative* letter, to a *miser* than the one written by Mr. S.

He is *indecent*, because he has affixed his name to a low, and ungentelemanly letter, replete with vulgarities and insolence.

He is *selfish* because he makes a bitter lamentation about paying six or eight cents postage for a letter, and which is all that appears to afford him much pain: He may, therefore, with great propriety be termed, "a *two-penny fellow*."

EPIGRAM,

On hearing a member of a certain noble family say, "that the name of L——n was itself a fortune."

A fortune, I grant, by this name is procur'd
(It's a name that is known very well)
And dignity, honor, most high, are secur'd,
But—where fwindling is honor'd—in hell.

BRUSH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN Anecdote of Mr. L." has been traced and found incorrect. I want only *truths*. Manuscripts will be carefully destroyed, but I wish some hint—not of the author—but a clue to ascertain the *truth* of any story.

AN "enemy to detraction" is received, but I have not room for it in this number—*Mentor*, and a number of other communications, are omitted for the same reason.

As "The Corrector" is not published by subscription, those persons who are desirous of possessing it, will please to send or call for it, at the book-store of the publishers.

A second edition of the first number will be ready for sale on Monday next.

people, and corrupting all the sources of their happiness. From being formed for a particular object, it will extend its operations to those of a more general nature. From aiming at the destruction of an individual, it will attempt the subversion of every institution hostile to its views, and generate evils which no free constitution is able to resist. Tyranny as severe as that of a despotic government may exist under various forms. It is immaterial whether it is regal oppression, or the tyranny of authorized systematic slander that prevails. The last destroys its victims as certainly as the first, and drives into obscurity every man who has not become insensible to calumny and abuse.

If the faction which has been organized in this, and has been occasionally aided by individuals from other states, were to succeed in injuring the reputation of Mr. Burr, no man in the country who had been rendered conspicuous by his talents would be safe. Whenever a venal foreigner, or a few degraded natives, could be bought by money or by offices, to raise a clamor against an individual, designated by their employers, his ruin would be inevitable.

THE corruption and injustice of ancient times would be here revived, and accusation and conviction become terms convertible and equally fatal. It would be a virtual establishment of the ostracism, by which the best in Greece were banished unheard, not only from their stations, but their country, by the artifices of their enemies. It would be sanctioning a dreadful precedent, involving not only the safety of eminent men, but the peace and internal happiness of the country.

In this state it has been industriously attempted to introduce the evils which are here complained of. They have been resisted with vigour, with what effect remains yet to be decided. Good men, however, should not despond. I am one of those, who believe in the obstinacy of human imperfection, but convinced of the correctness of my principles, and the accumulating power of truth, my labours shall terminate only with my life. Those who may engage with me in a just cause, are assured, that I am neither to be intimidated by personal consequences, nor silenced by an attempt at legal oppression. Armed with truth, I do not fear an investigation into the facts I shall advance, nor shall those who may seek, by an impotent display of resentment, to bring me into a court of justice, be consoled with the idea that their suits will be suffered to pass into oblivion. I will meet them at every point, I will unfold the annals of corruption, and with the proofs of villainy in my hand, prostrate their ideal dignity of character, and expose them to the detestation of the world. Although the "Reply to Aristides" has been given to the world under the signature of James Cheetham, it is undoubtedly the joint production of the faction that supports him, and exhibits lamentable proofs of its approaching dissolution. It is the last convulsion, the expiring effort of villainy detected and subdued.

(To be continued.)

SYLVANUS AND DANIEL.

DANIEL—At the aristocratic meeting of the First Ward, I find DANIEL chairman. DANIEL is president of the Manhattan Bank, and late Navy Agent—for both of which important and lucrative stations he was indebted to the friendship of Col. Burr. It is a fact that Mr. Burr has suffered more loss of popularity, has received more abuse from his enemies, and given more displeasure to his friends, in consequence of his ill-judged partiality for DANIEL than from any transaction of his life, prior to the attacks of the two associates DE WITT CLINTON and CHEETHAM. DANIEL has also a thousand times declared his conviction that the charges against Mr. Burr are atrocious slanders. Yet this same fellow appears heading a meeting of Mr. Burr's inveterate enemies.

WHY is all this, says the world? I will tell you. DANIEL is a merchant, a man of calculation. Col. Burr is no longer in the Manhattan Bank direction. The affairs of that institution are in the hands of the two powerful families. DE WITT heads one phalanx, and MATURIN, the convenient and obsequious tool of his more wealthy relatives leads the other.

DANIEL fears, that to be the friend of Burr, and the president of the Manhattan Bank, are incompatible. His calculations are made of course, and he turns against his former benefactor with a manliness of decision honorable to the grateful feelings of his heart.

But observe the result. The families find it convenient to use Daniel now—they will find it convenient to take the presidency from him at the next election. They already despise, they will then reject him. Thus, though not exactly imitating *his ancestor* who starved between two bundles of hay without making an election, yet I expect the result will be somewhat similar, and that between the two stools, DANIEL's breech will shortly come to the ground.

SYLVANUS.

SUCH was the chairman of the First ward meeting. The secretary was Sylvanus, an associate of Cheetham, and an office-holder under the Clintons, by whom the station has been honored in his appointment. This creature practices a vulgar buffoonery in writing and conversation, in character with the meanness of his appearance and manners. He is constantly employed in preparing malicious scurrility for Cheetham's paper, and practices a low cunning, adapted to the shallowness of his intellect, to avoid detection. He will find that his late attempt to play "puffs in the corner," has not remained undiscovered, nor will it go unpunished.

I HAVE not time at present to give him the severity of correction to which he is entitled, but of this I assure him, if he continues his abusive personalities in his friend's paper (I can detect his style with facility) I will pass the graces of his person, the accomplishments of his mind, and the feelings of his heart, in full view before the public eye. It will be a little unpleasant to come too near him in the operation, in consequence of his habitual nastiness; I shall, therefore, handle him with a pair of tongs.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS!!

TWENTY YEARS PRACTICE!!

JAMES CHEETHAM—QUACK DOCTOR.

HAS on hand, at his shop No. 136 Pearl-street, a variety of *drugs* of his own invention, which he will dispose of at the lowest rates, as he wishes to sell off his stock. Among the number are his famous foporic doses entitled, VIEW, NARRATIVE, NINE LETTERS, &c. which are powerful promoters of sleep; if however, they are taken in too large quantities, they are apt to excite a nausea at the stomach. The patient will find it difficult to swallow them at first, they generally have to be crammed down the throat by force, and the patient beaten over the head with a club called *the Citizen*, if he refuses to take them.

LIKEWISE on hand, a large quantity of that celebrated medicine entitled, A REPLY TO ARISTIDES. This has been stigmatized by several with the name of a composition of *opium and lead*. Dr. Cheetham, however, assures the public that it is compounded of a variety of *drugs*, and that he was assisted in preparing it by the OURANG OUTANG, a creature forming "the very link that joins the animal to the human race."

THIS *beast* had been troubled with a *bad habit* for some time, but, in consequence of the *pills of Aristides*, he made a desperate effort, and relieved himself in the famous reply.

FOR the above, and sundry other *Physicks*, apply either to Doctor Cheetham, or to his Jack Pudding, the Baboon and Surrogate. It has been reported that the Jack Pudding was afflicted with the *hydrophobia*; this is A FALSEHOOD, and must have originated from his known aversion to *clean water*. To do away the report, notice is hereby given, that he will be publicly *washed* on the first day of April next, at the pump, opposite St. Paul's, after which, he will be *shaved* and dressed in a *clean shirt*. He will then be delivered to such of his friends as can recollect him in the disguise of *cleanliness*. As this Jack Pudding is peculiarly diverting, from a faculty of making queer faces and playing monkey tricks,

he affords much diversion to the Quack Doctor and his friends—by making himself ridiculous for their amusement or advantage. He has made up some trifling articles of physic himself, entitled Joe Gumption, Homespun, &c. &c. They do not produce the effect he contemplated, but are admirably efficacious in exciting *yawning*. He intends, the next he issues, to have his handsome, queer phiz, engraved and affixed to the dose.

TO VISITORS.

F—— might as well have kept himself quiet and taken his breathing in good part. It was merely my intention to give him a *lash en passant*, on account of the officious part he has lately taken. But he must be a shallow fellow indeed, who supposes that I have engaged in this business, and am to be bluffed from my purpose. It is *repentance*, not insolence or noise, that will induce me to spare the rod. He, and many others, have been mightily tickled with the infamous conduct of Cheetham; they have patronized that wretch in his assaults on private feeling and private character, by the most wicked and villainous falsehoods. They have, like savages exulted in the brutal work. I am resolved, and they will find me no chicken livered fellow, that if that miscreant is not completely silenced in his abusive attacks, or utterly abandoned by his present patrons, I will lash THEM collectively and individually, while they have a strip of hide to cover their carcasses. Though the *lex talionis* is my motto, yet I shall not imitate their baseness. I will only retort *severe TRUTHS*, in reply to *malicious LIES*. I know them all, "and can found them from the lowest note to the very top of their compass."

THE talk I have undertaken is disgusting to my feelings, and foreign to my nature. It is forced upon me by a sense of duty. I have long seen in silence, the attempts of a few men to trample on the *hearts* of their neighbors. I have seen them employ a merciless ruffian in the inhuman work. I have seen the characters of men I much value, shamelessly traduced; the domestic happiness of my dearest friends invaded; the feelings of their affectionate families harrowed up with distress. When I witnessed the extent and continuance of these enormities, I could not but exclaim,

"All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers."

THIS will serve for other visitors as well as Mr. F——. Let those keep from my notice, or express by letter their CONTRITION, who wish to avoid the impending whip.

COLONEL BLUBBER.

In the county of Suffolk on Long-Island, lives a man by the name of H——G; an owner of whaling vessels and dealer in *Blubber*. This person like the animal from whom he gets his living, is large in bulk and has a huge head, with an extreme paucity of brains.

By some means he worked himself into the good opinion of Mr. Ezekiel Robins, who took him by the hand, and, against the judgment of his friends, brought him into political life and made him what he is.

I FIND that H——, who ought to be in his seat in the Senate at Albany, has just passed through this city on his way to Suffolk for electioneering purposes. He has been for several days running through the Fly-Market, harranguing the butchers, fishermen, &c. He tells them that the legislature have a right to dictate to the people in the choice of governor. That they are the representatives of the people, are the *enlightened* members of the community—and that thus representing the *good sense* of the public, they have a right to make a governor for them if they please.

HE ALSO SWEARS THAT MORGAN LEWIS WAS NEVER A FEDERALIST!!!

THE fellow is as hot and noisy as he is stupid. He bellows like a great SEA CALF when he talks on the subject; and, instead of speaking truth or argument, snorts and spouts like a whale.

MAJOR PURDY'S OBSEQUIES.

A WAR STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

MUCH talk has been made of holding up one JUDGE PURDY, as a Senator for the southern district; the *revolutionary services* of this gallant wight certainly entitle him to a high grade in the aristocratic corps. The following account of a *narrow escape* made during the war, may serve as an instance of his daring intrepidity, and his perfect acquaintance with that accomplishment, so necessary to a great general—the art of making a *good retreat*.

In a body of militia stationed near Croton, was the regiment to which PURDY belonged, in the capacity of a Major. An attack from the enemy being expected, this regiment was ordered forward to sustain the onset. The alarm, however, proving groundless, the regiment resumed its station with the main body. On calling the roll it was discovered THAT MAJOR PURDY WAS MISSING. The utmost anxiety was immediately exhibited throughout the camp. Every heart was agitated with the most sorrowful emotion. THE MAJOR was a brave man, a firm patriot, a gallant officer: nothing but death could have caused his absence from his post, and it was therefore determined, *nem. con.* that the Major was killed by the enemy, *bravely fighting in his country's cause*. Due preparations were made to give his memory the last melancholy honors of a military funeral. His body being in possession of the foe, a block of wood was substituted as his representative. The procession moved forward with all the solemnity that could be expected from a sham. The cat-o-nine-tails of the regiment was laid on the coffin, and the fife and drums played the rogues march in plaintive cadence. In the height of this affecting ceremony, when the feelings of the surrounding multitude were worked up to the highest pitch, the happy tidings were brought that the Major was in good health and spirits. Rapture diffused itself around, and was testified in the loudest peals of laughter.

It appeared that the Major being a *quiet, peaceable* man, was extremely averse to shedding human blood. Accordingly, when marching orders were issued, he made a rapid movement towards his own dwelling, singing triumphantly, "The soldier tired of wars alarms."

On receipt of this joyful intelligence, it was determined that the block of wood should be used for a bon-fire, and the Major's sword and pistols buried in its stead, as he would have no further occasion for such deadly instruments—this was done with all due form, and a wooden sword sent to that gallant officer, as a testimony of the high sense the regiment entertained of his *revolutionary services*.

ISAAC.

I am told that one of the prime supporters and instigators of Cheetham's abusive publications, is the well-known ISAAC. Let this *merciful man* look to it.

I am in possession of the very bludgeon with which his poor german servant was beaten about the head. It was an amusing spectacle for those who are fond of bloody fights. Some milky souls would use a switch on such occasions, but,

"He judged it better from a quick
Set hedge, to cut a knotted stick,
With which he furiously laid on."

BILLY LUSCIOUS.

"One of those unmeaning things which nature makes by the groce—then sends them forth ashamed of her own work, and puts no stamp upon them."

As every movement of a *great man* is interesting, I cannot but notice the important biography of *Billy Luscious*—

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

This two legged creature being extremely desirous of notice, I shall steal a moment from tickling brutes of a higher grade, and endeavor to pierce through the "clouds and thick darkness" that involve his *obscurity*.

Like a cypher, when placed by himself, he is naught, but thrown among more important figures

he serves to *swell a number*. He does well enough to shout in the tatter-de-malion train of our political jugglers, a convenient ass of burden to do their drudgery, and carry their handbills into the country.

The first attempt of this *muffin faced meddler*, to become notorious, was when he commenced the practice of the law, and a dirty *debut* did he make. His name appeared on painted boards at the fly-market, bull's-head, &c. &c. &c. handbills were stuck up in every grog-shop, where *assault and battery* occurrences were likely to take place. On his boards and bills, were his rates and charges for bonds, mortgages, writs, &c. at *half price*: For the first time in this city, perhaps in the world, was the profession of the law, advertised at *wholesale and retail*. The consequence was, Billy's *law shop* was crowded by the *fag ends* of humanity; wherever he went he had at his heels a ragged regiment, of drunken negroes, six-penny sharpers, bruising sailors and bum bailiffs.

Another way to gain employment was, the practice of going on board of vessels, just arrived, and exciting the men to sue their Captain, for any chastisement he had (most probably with reason) inflicted. After some time, however, his face became so familiar, and his motives so well known among the tars, that *ropes-ends* were prepared for his reception. An old wag of a sea captain, it is said, undertook to regale the unfortunate LUSCIOUS with a round dozen at the gang-way.

The application tickled him so much, that in his extacy, he danced over the side of the vessel. Having a heavy head, he would doubtless, for once in his life, have descended below the *surface* of things, had not a *dung boat* fortunately laid along side of the vessel, and received him on the kindly soil from which he sprung.

By manœuvres such as these, has the ingenious LUSCIOUS rendered himself contemptible to a proverb among the professors of the law; and he forms to this day a *butt* at which the young students aim their little witticisms.

Having amassed some property by such *honorable* means, Billy began to sigh for some office that might yield him some degree of consequence, and serve as a cloak to cover past meannesses. He accordingly turned his attention to politics. For a time he served as a humble drudge among the lower orders of the federal party. But with RIKER, SPENCER, and many other *worthies* he thought it *expedient* to turn flaming republican, when that side of the political scale preponderated. Like CANDIDATE BOB, who will pardon us for placing him in such despicable company, any office will do for him, and he for any office. At first he made an attempt among the illustrious candidates for the shrievalty. Here, however, he was disappointed, that office being decreed as a reward for the *brilliant talents*, the UNIFORM REPUBLICANISM, and the great *political influence* of JOSEPH SURFACE, Esq. From the office of sheriff, he turned to that of master in chancery; still, however, he was doomed to disappointment. No matter, if neither sheriff nor master in chancery was to be obtained, he'd e'en try for *justice of the ten pound court*, and this, at present, is the object he has in view, the grand stimulus of his political labors.*

* P. S. Since writing the above I am informed, that Billy is disappointed also in his expectations of being appointed a *just-ajs*; he must therefore remain contented with *half* of the title.

POUGHKEEPSIE SCOUNDRELS.

The annals of villainy will scarcely furnish an instance of such impudent and barefaced conduct as has been evidenced within a few days in the county of Dutchess and town of Poughkeepsie. I expect that mercenary hireling Mitchell, who is rescuing

himself from starving, by eating the bread of infamy, is one of its instigators.

Levi M'Keen, Esq. of that place, is distinguished as a uniform and active republican—as a gentleman of talents and respectability—but he has also come forward like a man of honour and of principle in defence of Col. Burr.

A meeting has therefore been collected, through the influence of the *families*, who have passed a string of insolent resolutions relative to Mr. M'Keen. The fellows who were associated were, as might be expected, among the very vilest dregs of the community.

I will lift this affair to the bottom, and now invite every information respecting the fellows concerned in this transaction. I suspect *J—T—ge*, an impertinent meddling jackanapes, to be in some shape at the bottom of it. I am resolved to detect the ring-leaders, and will *gibbet* the rascals in every corner of the state.

In the Citizen of Wednesday is published a letter from Mr Swartwout to Mr. Levinus Lanfing, with Mr. Lanfing's answer. The object of Mr. Swartwout's letter is to induce Mr. Lanfing to support Col. Burr as Governor—This application is made in a decent and respectful style; nor does it contain one line nor one sentence that is dishonorable to Mr. Swartwout as a gentleman, or a republican; on the contrary, it speaks a language which many of the firmest patriots in the country speak; but which a much greater number feel. The reply of Mr Lanfing is a vulgar, blackguard performance, and would disgrace any name except a Cheetham who would affix his signature to it. I know nothing at present of the reputation of Mr. Lanfing, but am desirous of ascertaining his political sentiments and general character: I am however satisfied that he is *filly, indecent and selfish*.

He is *filly* because he is incapable of judging for himself on the most ordinary occasions—inasmuch as his answer to Mr. Swartwout is evidently the result of a *caucus* and was most probably penned by the celebrated *Ambrose*. Lanfingburgh is about one hours ride from Albany, and yet this *tender patriot* Mr. Lanfing, required *twenty-one* days to answer a letter of little more than *twenty-one lines*, and that too a letter which he says very much surprised him. He took, it seems, sufficient time to deliberate, and may have received from some friend of the combined families, a more *argumentative* letter, to a *miser* than the one written by Mr. S.

He is *indecent*, because he has affixed his name to a low, and ungentlemanly letter, replete with vulgarities and insolence.

He is *selfish* because he makes a bitter lamentation about paying six or eight cents postage for a letter, and which is all that appears to afford him much pain: He may, therefore, with great propriety be termed, "a *two-penny fellow*."

EPIGRAM.

On hearing a member of a certain noble family say, "that the name of L——n was itself a fortune."

A fortune, I grant, by this name is procur'd

(It's a name that is known very well)

And dignity, honor, most high, are secur'd,

But—where swindling is honor'd—in hell.

BRUSH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN Anecdote of Mr. L." has been traced and found incorrect. I want only *truths*. Manuscripts will be carefully destroyed, but I wish some hint—not of the author—but a clue to ascertain the *truth* of any story.

AN "enemy to detraction" is received, but I have not room for it in this number—*Mentor*, and a number of other communications, are omitted for the same reason.

As "The Corrector" is not published by subscription, those persons who are desirous of possessing it, will please to send or call for it, at the book-store of the publishers.

A second edition of the first number will be ready for sale on Monday next.

THE CORRECTOR.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

Did fell ambition fire this heart of mine,
In the black list of bell-born vice to shine—
Did I aspire to gain the loftiest name
On the dark roll of infamy and shame—
Then with directed aim I'd mark the page,
Where C—— shines, the villain of our age!
There the sad tomb of prostrate virtue bleeds;
Shorn of her fair-earned wreaths, and generous deeds:
By falsehood's aid, the wretch directs his aim
And levels all who his vile arts disclaim.
O, had I power, I'd make the villain roll
His murderous eye upon his inmost soul*!
Could he once view "his mirror by his side,"
Aghast, he'd start, and seek a place to hide,
Corroding horrors would pervade his breast
And to the world he'd stand a wretch confest!

CATO.

* "I will turn your eyes in, upon your own soul."
Shakepeare.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

C—— begins to think it is time he had some office given him by the genuine republicans, for no man, says Jemmy, has done so much for the party as myself.

I wrote nine long letters against Col. Burr, which almost craz'd me to invent falsehoods, and find words to express them. Afterwards I published a pamphlet containing the accusations at large against the Vice-President.

I was the first who stood forward in the good cause and dared assign myself as the author and inventor of those important charges.

I was the man who dared meet Aristides in single combat, and risk my reputation as a scholar and as a politician against so powerful a champion.

I wrote a long pamphlet of 134 pages to vindicate the characters that were aspersed by Aristides, and tho' my friends trembled at the prospect, I remained on my Watch Tower firm and unmoved amidst the war of office hunters—the wreck of aristocracy and the clash of politics.

I opposed the Merchants' Bank, and in a series of paragraphs endeavoured to mislead the public mind and crush the institution.—I attended various meetings for the purpose—I was a member of a number of caucuses—I exercised all my hypocrisy both in public and private—I persuaded some, frightened others—and beguiled many into an opinion that it should be suppressed.

I have told nine thousand lies—I have published eleven thousand eight hundred equivocations—nine thousand three hundred and fifty fibs—All—All—to further the good cause for which my press was established.

I have been the organ and tool of D—W—C—, S—O—, J—F—, M—L—, and a host of other political fattelites.

I have black-guarded and insulted some of the best men in the community.

I have toiled late and early—in sickness and in health—at home and abroad, all to support the good cause for which I was hired.

What compensation have I received for all these sacrifices? none, but the marked insult and contempt of every honest man—the total destruction of my own character—for obliged to be conversant with feurrility, I have become so inured to lying, equivocating, fibing and insulting, that I scarce know when to refrain from it.

As to pecunia, I have only had a share of the profits of my paper, and some occasional presents* from the gentlemen above mentioned and some others—it won't do—indeed it won't do—I must have something more solid, I must taste of the loaves and fishes I have purchased (by my toils) for some of my proprietors, I must drink out of the official cup, or I shall pine away, Alas! Alas! I want an office—I want an office!!!!

Z.

* Probably alluding to the fifty dollars sent him as a present by D—W—C—, from Long-Island, cum simul.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

New-York, March 28th.

A letter dated Albany, March 22d, and addressed to a gentleman in this city, was last evening found in the streets. As its contents are altogether of a political nature, and as it was handed to its present possessor open, he thinks himself at liberty to publish the following extract:—

I fear, your conjectures, respecting the cause of the late change in public opinion, are but too well founded. What else could have occasioned this sudden, and general revolt from our standard; this almost unanimous support of COL. BURR: the people have, no doubt, been awakened by a sense of the danger to which they were exposed, and the slavery with which they were threatened, had we maintained our power three years longer.

We may now regret, but cannot prevent the consequences of our intemperate haste; had we been careful not to rouse the suspicion of the people, until we had secured the approaching election; we might then, by more completely engrossing all the offices and revenues of the state, have established ourselves so firmly as to defy all future attempts to shake our power.

Of all our errors, no one has been more fatal to our cause, than the open and public defamation of Colonel BURR. It was indeed necessary to ruin him in the estimation of his fellow-citizens; since he refused to enter into our views, or to assist us in the attainment of our ends, it would have been highly impolitic to suffer him to retain his influence, but we might have found surer as well as safer methods of undermining it, than those we adopted; our efforts would have been more successful, had they been more concealed. Our open and daring attempts have called forth defenders, who, not satisfied with repelling our attack, have in their turn assailed us, as with more reason, so I fear with better success.

There can be little doubt, but that the writings of Cheetham and others, against Colonel BURR, have had an effect directly contrary to the wishes of their authors; for no sooner did the people discover, that the charges contained in them were groundless, than they began justly to distrust a cause, which rested for its support, on such unmerited calumny; aversion succeeded to distrust; and alienation has been the consequence of aversion. Thus has our mistaken zeal heaped that ruin on ourselves, which we expected, would have overwhelmed our adversaries. But although our weakness must be sufficiently evident to any accurate observer, let us endeavor, as long as possible, to preserve the appearance of strength and pretend to ridicule as before, the insignificance of the Burr Faction.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

A Horrid Tale.

"TELL it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon." Cheetham's nine letters began to grow musty on the shelves of his office. Jemmy saw it and sigh'd at the depravity of taste which would not convert each pamphlet into 50 cents. Strenuous however in the cause of patriotism, he determined that they should be sold "for better, for worse." He pack'd them in bundles of a dozen each, and sent them to auction—where, strange to tell, each lot brought the enormous sum of 12 cents.

"Such was the last end of poor Cock Robin."

AMEN!

* * A LETTER-BOX, for the accommodation of those gentlemen who are disposed to assist the editor of "THE CORRECTOR" by communications, is placed in the door fronting Wall-street, of the book-store of S. GOULD & Co. All articles concurring with the plan of this paper, and free from gross personalities, will be thankfully received.

New Nominations.

SCHENECTADY NOMINATION.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of Republican electors of the city of Schenectady and its vicinity, held at the house of John Moon, on Monday the 19th March, 1804.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, Chairman.

MICHAEL TYMS, Esq. Secretary.

RESOLVED unanimously, that this meeting do highly approve of the nomination of Col. BURR, as candidate for Gov. at the ensuing election.

THEREFORE resolved that this meeting will support by all lawful means the election of

AARON BURR, Esq.

for Governor, and that the following Electors be a committee to promote said election, viz.

John Yates, Esq. Henry Yates, Esq. Aaron Wessels, Ernestus Putnam, Theodore Burr, Garrit Van Antwerp, Henry Broom, 'lm Barhydt, sen. John Stean, sen. Cornelius an Antwerp, Michael Pym, Adam S. Vrooman, Esq. Herman Wessels, Nicholas Barhydt, David Conulus, Peter Stean, Peter Brown, Derick Van Vranken, George Young, Andrew Great, Aaron Putnam, Wilhelmus Veeder, John J. Vrooman, Cornelius Pymusen, Cornelius Clute, John Van Vorst, sen. John Schermerhorn, Isaac Vedder, James J. Van Vorst, Richard Hagadorn, Benjamin Miller, Thomas Camps, Alexander Lansing, Aaron De Groat, William Cairns, John J. Schermerhorn, William Corl, Cornelius Groat, Ephraim Rynie, John Switgs, Abraham Groat, Thomas Monel, Esq. Isaac Johnson, James Van Vorst, John Joyce, jun. Derick Haimstradt, James Wimple, Aaron H. Bradt, Caleb Clark, Robert Willue, Andrew Groat, Rykert Waldron, Archibald Craig, Henry Ten Eyck, Esq. William Anderson, Simeon De Graff.

RESOLVED, that this meeting be published in the Albany Register and Schenectady Gazette.

RESOLVED, That John Yates, Esq. Henry Yates, Aaron Wessels, Michael Pym, Esq. Henry Ten Eyck, Esq. be a committee of correspondence.

By order of the Meeting.

(Signed) Wm. ANDERSON, Chairman.
MICHAEL PYMS, Sec'y.

BETHLEHEM NOMINATION.

At a respectable meeting of Republican citizens of Bethlehem, in the county of Albany, held at the house of Ephraim Bailly, on the 19th day of March, 1804, for the purpose of nominating a suitable character for the office of Governor of this state.

Resolved unanimously, That

PETER ROSEKRANS, be Chairman.

and ALBARTUS W. BECKER, be Secretary of this meeting.

Resolved, That this meeting will support with their votes and interests,

AARON BURR, Esq.

for the office of Governor of this state.

Resolved, That a corresponding committee of nine persons be appointed to carry into effect the above nomination.

Resolved, That the above nomination be published in all the Albany papers.

PETER ROSEKRANS, Chairman.

ALBARTUS W. BECKER, Secretary.

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OPPOSITE THE CITY-HALL.